Corretto

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Corretto

by Angelic_Disaster

Summary

"Your usual?" Hannibal asked.

Originally and during his whole life, Will's usual had been a black coffee and nothing else. But for the last months, it had been whatever Hannibal decided that he thought Will would enjoy.

Or: Those idiots need to learn how to control their crushes.

Written for the #HannibalAUgust of 2021.
Day 1: Coffee Shop. ☕

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It had started as most things in Will's life had started: with him not wanting to participate in it.

It was not that he didn't want to grab a coffee with Beverly after spending the last two hours looking at a dead body; it was more like that he didn't want to go *there.*

The coffee shop was not as far away, maybe half an hour, a little less or a little more depending on traffic. But there was a perfectly working coffee machine at the cafeteria and at least twelve restaurants that served coffee between QUANTICO and *'Stag Café'.* And, by what Will could appreciate from outside the Café, he was going to spend in only one coffee the same amount for which he could buy five coffees in any of those other coffee shop around.

Truly, there was no need to go to such an extravagant place.

Or, well, as the bell over the door made its gracious little '*tin-tin*' when they entered, Will realized that maybe there *was* a reason to go to that specific coffee shop. A very good reason that made up for the time and the price.

"Welcome to *'Stag Café',* how can I help you?"

A very handsome reason with a thick, smooth voice that sounded like velvet, waiting on the other side of the counter.

"I want a cappuccino and one of those delicious blueberry muffins, what about you man?" Beverly asked, but Will wasn't listening to her in the slightest.

"Will? Hey Will!" Beverly laughed, snapping her fingers in front of Will's face. "Earth to Will!"

"What? I – I was – er, reading the menu," Will lied, coming back to his senses from losing himself in those sharp cheekbones. "Just a – just a black coffee, please."

"Of course. Just the coffee or would you like something to eat too, *Will?"*

Well, fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Shit. Fuck. Shit. Fucking shit.

It shouldn't be legal to have his name spoken like that. On those man's lips his name sounded like pure sex. Will turned not only red but truly scarlet.

"Sure," Will rushed to say because that was the only thing that his stupid, horny lizard brain managed to come up with after realizing that he had left this handsome man waiting for a response. His stupid, horny lizard brain didn't even manage to realize that that wasn't even a full response. But this angel, this handsome, beautiful sculpture of a man smiled at him, and nothing else mattered.

"Of course. Please, have a seat wherever you are comfortable, I shall bring everything to your table in a moment."

His smile was shining white, fangs as sharp as his eyes and cheekbones. He was otherworldly gorgeous and Will had to make a conscious effort to not imagine how it would feel to have that crooked tooth biting on his throat before he did something stupid as pass away on the coffee shop's floor.

"Holy fuck dude, are you okay?" Beverly snorted, sitting with him on a small table close to the window. And if Will had had his blood flowing to his brain, he would have realized she dragged him to a small table that had a very good view of the counter where the most gorgeous man on earth was making their orders.

"I… how many stupid things I said?"

"None." Beverly grinned, "but that was because you didn't talk back there. His name's Hannibal, by the way."

In any other context, Will would have said something like *'fuck off'* or 'fuck *you'* probably. Instead, in this specific context Will turned five shades darker of red, and while trying to make himself smaller in his seat, muttered a shy and embarrassed "thank you."

Coffee shops and restaurants were always too bright, and too noisy for Will. That was another reason for Will (apart from his stoically antisocial personality) to never go grab a beer or eat with the team after work hours. Instead, 'Stag Café' was quiet, peaceful; the dull conversations from tables at a coherent distance from the others, the clean, open windows bringing natural light inside, and the cloudy smell of freshly baked delicacies made it the perfect place for Will to consider walking inside again.

Apart from another very good reason that had been already described in detail. And had a name.

To Will's dismay, and to Beverly's amusement, the soft ambiance of the shop had relaxed Will. Relaxed him enough to not hear the footsteps approaching their table before Hannibal was there with their orders.

"Cappuccino and blueberry muffin for you, Miss Katz," Hannibal said, carefully arranging a steamy white cup with a golden border and a muffin bigger than Will's fist in a matching plate in front of her. Then, he turned to Will's side and placed a gorgeous cup in a deep, ocean shade of blue from where it emanated the most delicious smell of roasted coffee beans in front of him, along with a matching plate under it and another matching plate with a generous piece of cake.

"One black coffee and a piece of Black Forest torte for you, *Will.* I hope you enjoy it."

Holy. Fucking. Mother. Of. Fucking. Christ.

No. It definitely wasn't legal that he could pronounce four simple letters like *that.* Quick Will, say something not dumb before you do something stupid.

"Shit," bad start. "I mean, sorry. I haven't asked you how much this was."

Well, it wasn't that bad. It could have been worse. Especially since Will couldn't stop thinking about how illegal it was that Hannibal could say his name in a way that had his knees go weak. Especially since he was thinking about his old NOPD uniform and the handcuffs that he still had and…

Hannibal shook his head, holding his palm up. "Don't you worry about it, please. Is on the house."

To Beverly's credit, she didn't choke on her coffee. But it didn't matter because there was no way either of them noticed by the way they were eye-fucking each other in front of her. Gross.

Will turned, for the third time in that blessed hour, an adorable shade of pink from the cheeks to the tip of his nose.

"Oh no, I couldn't possibly accept–" Will stuttered but Hannibal put a hand on his shoulder, shutting Will up on the spot.

"Please do," he said. "Take it as a welcoming gift, and for me to assure myself a new customer. I would love to see you come back."

Will wasn't a person that really got out to eat or grab a coffee, neither was he a person who enjoyed eye contact. But there was something with Hannibal that made him incapable of tearing his eyes away from that deep shade of blood-red; and that he knew he was going to become a recurrent customer from now on.

"Thank you, *Hannibal."*

Hannibal barely smiled at it, but there was something twinkling in those eyes; a glint of pleasure, shining like sunlight through a glass of whiskey. There was also something in how Hannibal's lips curled upwards in the corner of his mouth that made Will's heart beat loud and fast.

"It's my pleasure."

Another beat of his rabbiting heart and Hannibal was gone.

"I'm gonna give you so much shit after this," Beverly said, hiding her grin behind the cup.

"Please don't," Will cringed. He bowed down his face, trying to hide behind a curtain of curls as he did his best (that wasn't remotely enough) to cover how his eyes couldn't leave Hannibal as he walked away.

"Right." Beverly drank her coffee with a loud sip and a shit-eating grin on her face before taking a moment and adding, "but I'm just gonna say: I've been here three times and I've

never gotten anything free."

[x]

Will wasn't a person who frequented coffee shops, nor he used to grab a coffee with friends or co-workers more than once every leap year. But as he feared, he had become a regular of *'Stag Coffee'*.

For the last three months, Will had dragged Beverly a total of twelve times there. Then, when Beverly started to decline, Will had asked Alana. That one had backfired. Hannibal was charming and handsome; and Alana was charming and beautiful. It was a recipe for disaster. It was one time too much, especially after Hannibal asked for Alana's name and she blushed pink. Nope. Never again.

In his desperation to drag someone with him there, Will had become something akin to a social butterfly. In the last three months, apart from dragging Beverly and Alana with him, he had offered Jack to go three times. Jimmy at least five. He even asked Zeller once.

And one strange time Will had, somehow, managed to get the whole team plus Michael, the janitor; Gertrude, the receptionist, and her teenage son Gerry all at the same time.

Hannibal's face of confusion that day was worth every second of social interaction. And even more, when Hannibal had personally thanked him afterward, and insisted that Will's coffee was on the house.

[x]

"Dude, no," Beverly said for what felt like the fifth time in seventy seconds.

"Please, Bev. I'll pay," Will insisted.

"Will, stop. You can't keep paying for me, I know how expensive that place is, you're going to end up eating ramen the rest of your life," she said, elbow-deep in the intestines of a man's corpse. "Look, for a man who is as antisocial as you, I can't understand why you need to go

with someone. Go alone, grab a coffee on your own. I'm sure Hannibal would love to have you all to himself."

"I'm antisocial *and* socially awkward," Will groaned. "Please Bev, I can't go alone. Come with me, I'll pay, I'll beg you if you want."

"Look, as much as I would love to make a joke about how you should drop to your knees and beg to someone, that by the way it's not me, I will not," she sighed, dragging out the intestines of the poor man at the table. "I'm telling you this because this was adorable and hilarious for the first two weeks, now it's sad."

"You two are so moon-eyed for the other it's getting ridiculous," Jimmy inserted himself into the conversation from the other side of the dead body.

"It's getting gross," Beverly added, squeezing the intestines in her hand to make a point, managing to pull a fart-like sound from them. "Just invite him on a date, dude. I'm cheering for you, and I swear to God if I lose my bet with Z about this I'm going to hang you with this man's intestines."

To Will's confusion, Jimmy explained, "I said that Hannibal would make the first move between the seventh and the ninth week," then pouted, "I already lost my fifty bucks."

"And I said that you would make a move before the fourth month," Beverly said. "You still have time." Then, Will turned to Zeller.

"I said that you wouldn't make a move until it was too late because you're either a coward or too socially anxious," he shrugged. "I would say that I'm sorry but at this rate, I'm going to have 200 bucks in my power."

"That's why you need to ask him on a date right now," Jimmy said. "To avenge me, make Beverly win and drag Z through the mud."

Will was going to say something about it, defend himself. But then Jack entered the morgue and said, "if you all have finished talking about Will's lack of balls and love life, could you get back to work?"

Well, fuck.

"And Will."

"Yes, Jack?"

"I put my money on you making a move before the fifth month, so you better hurry the fuck up or I'll fire you."

[x]

There was no way Will asked Hannibal on a date. No fucking way.

But he had made progress, he supposed, since he was entering ‘Stag Café’ alone.

“Your usual, Will?”

Will’s usual order for the past months had been one black coffee and whatever baked good Hannibal decided to give him. It always ended in Hannibal insisting that Will could pay for the coffee, but the food was on him. Truly, they were both utterly oblivious.

“Yes, thank you.”

“You’re on your own today?” Hannibal asked from behind the counter, elegantly playing the coffee machine like one of the most strange instruments.

Will Graham was one of the best, if not the very best, profilers that the FBI had. A true expert in human interaction. Still, he was utterly useless when it came to human interaction between another person and himself. That’s probably why he didn’t notice the hopeful tone in Hannibal’s voice as he handed him the cup of coffee.

“Uh, I… yes, just me today.” Hannibal's fingers hadn't left the cup when Will accepted it, and the innocent, momentary action of fingers brushing had Will feeling his world turned upside down.

“Would you consider sitting here at the bar with me? We could keep each other company,” Hannibal offered, gesturing with his head to the three tall and always unused stools at Will’s right. Will was sure his heart had missed a considerable amount of beats. “Only if you want, of course, and if you have nothing else to do. I wouldn’t want to impose, I mean–”

“Yes!” Will shouted, red in the face as every time he had Hannibal in front of him. “I mean,” Will tried to calm down, play it cool, “I had brought my students' papers to grade, but I could use a chat.”

“Students?” Hannibal asked, clearly delighted and honestly curious. “Are you a teacher?” He continued, dragging the biggest and most appetizing cinnamon roll that Will had seen in his life as he leaned over the counter. “I always wondered what fascinating thing you did for work.”

“Hardly fascinating, really,” Will answered, sitting in front of Hannibal and forgetting all about serial killers, students and, honestly, everything else.

“I truly doubt that there could be anything not fascinating about you, Will.”

Hannibal was looking at him totally enamored, and Will blushed pink to the tip of his ears in a second. Truly, those two needed to control their crushes.

[x]

Going alone to Hannibal's coffee shop may have been the best decision of Will's entire life. In the weeks that followed he had coffee with Hannibal almost every single day. Except for weekends and Tuesdays, those were his free days and his most busy day respectively.

Will had memorized the best moment that he could visit the coffee shop and have the most of Hannibal's attention on him.

Mondays between his classes, the one that ended at 10:45 A.M. and the one that started at 12:15 P.M, Will had less than one hour to be with Hannibal, between driving from QUANTICO to the Café and back; and Hannibal was always in a rush, having too many clients for only one person. But he always had Will's order ready, and after a full weekend of not seeing him, just being in the same place as Hannibal was enough. Then he would drive back to QUANTICO and leave at 7 P.M. too late to visit Hannibal again.

Tuesdays were the worst. Will always had to rush between his classes, sometimes cutting some short to arrive at his other class with half a cereal bar stuck in his throat and having a bathroom break. He always finished late and drove past 'Stag Café' when Hannibal was closing.

Will would be lying if he said that never in his life he considered stopping and asking Hannibal to go to another place. But he had to accept that Zeller was right for once. He was a fucking coward.

Wednesdays were the absolute best. Because Will had a free space between his 1:45 P.M. class and his 5:15 P.M. class. Meaning, he had three hours to kill that he previously had spent having coffee of questionable quality from the cafeteria in his office grading papers, that now he filled with amazing coffee and Hannibal's company.

Thursdays were a little bit depressing because Will had only one and a half hours free that he could spend with Hannibal; that wasn't much with the driving, but coincided with Hannibal's most peaceful time of the day, so that was a win.

Fridays were… complicated. Will had his lunch hour free, roughly one hour and a half to spend with Hannibal, but it was weird to go to a Café and eat muffins and cake for lunch every week. Will had thought about bringing his lunch to Hannibal's, but he ended up finding

it rude and desisted on the thought before even acting on it. Still, he made sure to go one Friday between weeks.

[x]

“Your usual, Will?” Hannibal asked on a Monday. In the weeks and months they had this routine, Will’s usual order had changed. From one black coffee and any delicacy that Hannibal decided to give him to anything Hannibal decided to give him. Will was sure that he had tasted every single coffee and mix that Hannibal had on the menu. Hannibal had even made him taste the new kind of drinks that he had bought, and the new recipes he came up with for the menu he kept changing once every two months.

“Yes please,” another thing that had changed was Will’s appearance. Beverly had made a joke about how it looked as if Will had finally brought a hairbrush and a shampoo bottle that wasn’t *'shampoo & conditioner & soap'* all in one. Will hadn’t had, but after that comment, he may have gone to the store. To buy some different bottles, not a hair brush. He owned a hairbrush, thank you.

(He had ended up calling Beverly three minutes after getting inside, asking her about *‘What’s the difference between curls and unruly curls? Which one do I have? How can you have curls that aren't curly?’)*

Will may have bought new clothes. Like right now, he was using a shirt that wasn’t flannel, but a forest green button-down. A color shade that Hannibal had mentioned would look good on him, after handing Will an Irish coffee in a cup of the same color three weeks ago.

“Where is the chocolate cheesecake?” Will asked, drinking from a white cup with a golden design all across it, as if shattered and made up again. “Delicious,” he hummed in surprise, even now, knowing that anything that Hannibal gave him was perfect. “What’s this?”

“That’s just a classical americano. The coffee beans are new though,” Hannibal leaned closer, whispering confidentially with that voice, thick as caramel, that never failed to make Will’s stomach drop. “From my own private collection.”

Will gasped in faux surprise, taking a long sip of the coffee. “I’m being spoiled,” he said with a grin, holding the cup between both of his hands and close under his nose, wanting to pin the pink cheeks onto the coffee’s hot steam.

“I would see you spoiled rotten, if you allowed it,” Hannibal smiled, and Will was thankful that he had been sitting on the stool because there was no way his knees would have resisted Hannibal on a normal day, much less when he charmingly destroyed every single one of

Will's barriers with words. "About the cheesecake, I discontinued it from the menu. I was planning on adding some savory options to it, something that could be eaten as lunch."

"Oh, that sounds amazing," Will hummed, after swallowing a bite of the cinnamon roll that was as delicious as it looked. "I'll miss the cheesecake though, but I'll probably end up here instead of the FBI cafeteria on Fridays."

"Hopefully," Hannibal beamed with pleasure, then paused. He didn't lose the joy from his face, but he did frown, clearly conflicted with himself. "If you liked the cheesecake so much, I could put it back on the menu. I wasn't aware you had a predilection for it. I would have given it to you more if I had known."

"Please," Will hurried to say, instantly grabbing Hannibal by the wrist before he turned to the kitchen to bake an express cheesecake. "You don't need to bring it back. Everything you cook is delicious," Will said with a smile, delighted to see how Hannibal's eyes wrinkled in the corners at the praise. It was always a drug to see Hannibal smile, Will never could have enough of it, how it softened Hannibal's whole demeanor. "And I like when you surprise me."

"Note taken," Hannibal answered, placing his hand over Will's, both stroking the other's skin gently and sweetly shy. "In a totally unrelated question. How is your day tomorrow?"

"Awful," Will groaned, rolling his eyes, but smiling. "I have my usual space to eat half a sandwich between classes at noon. Exams week ended though, so my students may finally give me a moment of peace between classes."

[x]

Will smiled at his phone, which wasn't weird at all anymore. It was weird to see Will smile at first, but they got used to it. Now it wasn't weird anymore, it was just plain annoying. Sweet, but annoying.

"When are you two gonna marry?"

Will almost dropped his phone.

"We aren't even dating, Bev."

Beverly rolled her eyes, not that Will could see her, focused as he was on his phone. "Yeah sure, because it's totally normal to text with your, what, handsome barista? Sexy coffee deliverer?"

“It’s not like…” Will tried to explain, but Jimmy spoke over his lies.

“I want to make a joke about how Will only drank black coffee until Hannibal started to show him the benefits of milk, but I’m too lazy today. Please guys imagine that I said something funny.”

“Oh my God, Jimmy, so true!” Beverly shouted with a false laugh.

“You’re the king of comedy, man. I could never be as funny as you!” Zeller shouted too as he clapped.

“I know guys,” Jimmy faked a sob, faking being emotionally moved with joy, “I know, thank you.”

Will groaned. “We are not–” But Beverly cut him off.

“Will, please remind me when was the last time you paid for anything at Stag Café.”

Exasperated, Will turned to Zeller, expecting… Well, expecting Zeller to be Zeller.

“Hey, don’t look at me. I’m with you, you aren’t dating. Now keep it that way, I want to win the bet.”

Honestly, Will didn’t even know what he’d expected.

[x]

“Hello Will.”

Unrelated question my ass.

Will's class had finished four minutes ago, and he had at least ten minutes before his classroom was filled with students again. But there he was, Hannibal Lecter, walking inside as if this was something they did constantly. As it was the most common thing in the world and not the biggest jump into a cliff.

“This is an FBI building, Hannibal,” Will said, pulling his glasses off his face, and leaving them at his side where he was sitting on the desk. “Care to explain how you entered?”

“Good to see you too,” Hannibal said, walking the last feet that separated him from Will until they were face to face without a counter between them. He held a paper bag in his left hand and a to-go coffee cup in his right before placing them on Will’s desk. “Miss Katz was truly

excited to give me her blessing when I manifested the idea of wanting to surprise you. The receptionist was rather excited to give me my visitors' pass too."

"Well," Will tilted his head to the side, not even wanting to hide his grin, "consider me surprised."

"Oh, and I have more surprises for you," Hannibal whispered, then he gestured secretly with his finger to the cup, "this one is inside the coffee," he winked and Will had to control his laugh. "I thought you may need it during the day."

Will lifted a brow, waiting for Hannibal to say something, but Hannibal stoically stayed silent. Amused, but silent, as Will took the paper cup, warm in his hand, towards his face.

"What am I having today?" Will asked, enjoying the smell of roasted coffee beans, but enjoying far more Hannibal's eyes drifting to his lips.

"A simple sandwich; arugula, blue cheese, tomato, and ham in baguette bread. A piece of cheesecake as dessert," Will laughed, still holding the coffee cup close to him, but throwing his head back, making his curls bounce with the motion. "The coffee, of course, from my own selection. This one drink is called 'Corretto', it's made with four parts of coffee and one part of brandy. But I may have taken liberties with the measurements."

"You put alcohol in my coffee, Hannibal? I'm an FBI agent, I shouldn't drink in my classroom," Will said, but took a generous sip looking straight into Hannibal's eyes; his mouth filled with the bitter taste of coffee and the sharpness of more than one part of brandy. Yes, Will really needed it to survive this day.

"I'm sure there are a lot of things an FBI agent would never think of doing in a classroom," Hannibal walked closer to where Will was sitting over the desk until he was standing between Will's open legs.

Will shook his head, leaving the coffee cup at his side with the paper bag. Yes, definitely a good FBI agent would never think of doing in a classroom the things he was thinking.

"Hannibal, may I ask you a question?" Hannibal nodded with such elegance that almost made Will forget how close Hannibal's face was to his own. Will didn't bat his eyelashes, but he did stretch his throat with a languid movement, tilting his head just so, making sure that his lips were just in Hannibal's path if he decided to move one inch closer. "Are we dating?"

Hannibal frowned, deep and honest, clearly taken by surprise and Will's heart missed thousands of beats. Will was desperately rewinding all of their interactions, he was sure there was an attraction between them. Hannibal wasn't going to come to his classroom with lunch if he didn't...

But then Hannibal laughed, bright and warm and loud, making Will's heart miss a thousand beats more.

"I would hope so, Will. I've been trying to court you since the day I first saw you," he laughed, charmingly warm, his demeanor so open and joyful.

“Oh, for fuck's sake,” Will laughed too, pulling Hannibal by his shirt and dragging him into a kiss.

End Notes

Spell Check: 22/08/22

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